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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

No. 32.

Rome, February 22, 1853.

MY DEAR F. J. — Never, in my own country, do I remember to have felt such emotion

as I feel to-day, in a strange, foreign land, on

the anniversary of the birth of our beloved and

venerated Washington. In this lovely but

degenerate clime, the glow of whose past is but

a gorgeous play, enveloping but not hiding the

death and decay of its present, surrounded

by a people powerless, indolent, and

apathetic, with their deplorable state of great

possibilities looking for their eyes, like some

forgotten prisoner gazing mournfully through

strong dungeon-bars, here, breathing the close

and heavy air of civil and religious despotism,

do I feel what we, and all he did for us, for

freedom, and for God; and my heart goes

with fervid gratitude to Heaven for the im-

measurable riches that great gift not to us

alone, but to the world, to the ages, of a pure

heroic life, embodying, defending, and ennobling

among men, the eternal principles of jus-

tice and freedom.

When I find the character and career of

Washington studied here, by the few yet faithful

to the fortune of Italian freedom, when I see

how I see his name, bring the unaccounted

light to our heavy darkness, and I feel that

light with disappointment—when I hear that

name spoken with deep reverence by lips that

have sworn devotion, to the death, to the *liberta*

del popolo, then I realize, as never before, the

universality of his greatness and the quickening

immortality of his memory. I believe that

though God has sent and yet may send leaders

as pure and true as our Washington—gifted

with every noble quality of heart and mind, and

endowed with every noble quality of heart and

mind, and yet, in the midst of the most

complete and pre-eminent success, he attained

to the very height and crown of his heroic un-

derstanding, and he stands, for all time, a

model of the strength and inspiration and ex-

ample of the oppressed—the bold rebuker of

every wrong, the stern vindicator of every

right—the rebel triumphant—the soldier

conquered—the patriot—the statesman—the

empty hands. Such is the far-reaching depth

of the eternal vitality of one great, heroic life,

seeing its roots abroad into all lands, and

bringing forth new and noble minds, and

new and noble minds, and new and noble

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February 23.

This morning I returned from a long walk on

the Pincio, full of hope that the dark and rainy

weather we have had for the month past—the

sunlight and lightning, and hail and snow, and

only true and sustaining faith, that though

many events may seem unlikely and untoward,

that all things happen in God's time, and that

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care, and bathed with soothing balm a heart

worn and sore with waiting, and toil, and

struggle. Oh, the inexpressible consolation we find

in simply falling back on the early lessons of

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Can the Goliath of priestcraft stand unharmed

by this simple and strong? Will not

the lightning and thundering storm that shall

find the channel through which the broad and

win the day, and the Kingdom, were

conveyed to the heart and soul of our dear

Uncle Tom? The poor enslaved Catholics will

